The CHRONICLE of the LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

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THE JANUARY, 1935 PRICE TWOPENCE

CHRONICLE

OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Register

Departures

Dr. T. Howard Somervell, returning to Neyyoor, and Mrs. W. H. Somervell, per s.s. *Conte Verde*, from Venice, November 9th.

Mrs. A. Baxter and Mrs. C. D. Cousins, returning to China, per s.s. *Ranchi*, November 9th.

Miss Helen Johnson, returning to South India, per s.s. *City of Baroda*, November 10th.

Mrs. W. Kendal Gale, returning to Madagascar, per s.s. *City of Hong Kong*, November 17th.

Births

Burton.—On November 17th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Burton, of Tananarive, a daughter, Irene.

Jowett Murray.—On November 18th, to Rev. and Mrs. A. H. Jowett Murray, of Tsangchow, a daughter, Ruth Margaret.

Theobald.—On November 24th, at Coimbatore, South India, to Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Theobald, a son.

Marriage

Brown-Rook.—On November 20th, at Bellary, South India, Francis Henry Brown to Daphne Graham Rook, daughter of Rev. Thos. Rook, of Buxton.

Wants Department

Portable Gramophone, Lantern Slides of Life of Christ, The Great Supper, The Lost Coin, Life of David, Life of Moses, Life of Abraham; Lanterns (one at least with Hughes spirit lamp and mantle), Portable Typewriter, Sunday School Coloured Picture Rolls, Books of Scout Stories for Boys, Boys' Shirts (100 at least), Complete set of the Children's Encyclopædia, Yard lengths of Print for Girls' Blouses, Wayside Posters, Red-letter marked New Testaments, Big Bags for Biblewomen, Stocking-vests, Bandages of all sorts and other Hospital requirements.

The leaflets "The Helping Hand" and "How to Send Parcels Abroad" will be sent free on receipt of a post card.

The Department has received many requests for "The Manchester Guardian Weekly," "Illustrated London News," "Children's Newspaper," "Punch," "Public Opinion," etc.

Communications to Miss New, Hon. Sec., Wants Department, Livingstone House, 42, Broadway, London, S.W.1.

Luncheon Hour Talks

On Wednesday, January 30th, the luncheons for city men will be resumed at the Memorial Hall. The speaker will be D. G. E. Hall, Esq., M.A., D.Litt., the new headmaster of Caterham School, and the subject, "Problems I have met with as an Educationalist in Burma." Succeeding dates will be February 13th and 27th; March 13th and 27th; and April 10th. Printed programmes may be obtained on application to Rev. S. J. Cowdy, L.M.S., Livingstone House, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1. All men are welcome.

L.M.S. Stamp Bureau

Mr. T. H. Earl, 4, Westcliffe, Kendal, is Secretary of our Stamp Bureau. Gifts of old and foreign stamps will be welcomed. A hundred approval books on hand.

Universal Week of Prayer, January 6-13, 1935

We owe the custom of commencing each new year with a Week of Prayer to the World's Evangelical Alliance, which has for eighty-eight years without a break arranged this œcumenical observance throughout the civilised world for united prayer. It draws Churches and Missions together in prayer. It also makes for inter-racial fellowship, for the topics for daily prayer are used by Chinese, Indians, Africans, Arabs, Persians, and others, who have joined with European missionaries in prayer and intercession.

Copies of the full programme can be obtained from the World's Evangelical Alliance, 19, Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

Watchers' Prayer Union—New Branches

Church.	*Secretary.*
Radcliffe, Manchester.	Mrs. J. A. Mills.
Belgrave Street, Brighton.	Mr. H. Martin.
Christ Church, Westminster.	Mr. E. H. Todd.
North Hall, Leeds.	Miss I. Gowthorpe.
Westerham.	Miss P. Jones.
Furrough Cross, Babbacombe.	Miss J. Smith.

Prayer Meeting

The prayer meeting on Friday, January 18th, will be at 5.30 p.m. in the Quiet Room of the Mission House. It is especially appropriate that the first M.A.C. prayer meeting of the year should be led by the Council Secretary, Rev. S. J. Cowdy, and we hope that many M.A.C. friends will be able to attend. The Home Secretary will be present to speak on matters that call especially for prayer.

Contributions

The Directors gratefully acknowledge the following gifts: Anonymous, N. 1045, £1; Anonymous, N. 10477, 10s.; Anonymous, N. 10471, £1; Wakefield, N. 10539, £1; Mrs. Annie Mellows, for Deficit, £5; Yeoville, 5s.

ABOUT REMITTANCES TO THE L.M.S.

HOW TO REMIT. It is requested that all remittances be made to the Rev. Nelson Bitton, Home Secretary, at 42, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1; and that if any gifts are designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be stated. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders (which should be crossed) made payable at the General Post Office.

TO LOCAL TREASURERS. It is PARTICULARLY REQUESTED that money for the Society's use may be forwarded in instalments as received, and not retained until the completion of the year's accounts. This would reduce the Bank Loans upon which interest has to be paid. The Society's financial year ends March 31st.

LOANS TO THE SOCIETY.

With the view of reducing the large amount which is paid in interest on Bank Loans, the directors wish to state that it would be a great financial help if friends of the Society were prepared to advance sums of £50 and upward free of interest for periods of not less than three months. In the case of advances for unfixed periods repayments could be made at ten days' notice. Loans may also be made at 2½% interest repayable on sixty days' notice.

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Little Mothers

By GERTRUDE JAMES, of Betsileo.

LITTLE Rasoa staggered up the aisle right up to the front seat; she gently loosed the lamba drawn tightly across her small shoulders, and let the fat, dark little curly-headed baby roll on to the seat. Then she settled herself comfortably in the corner, put the baby across her knee, and in a few minutes to the soothing drone of the prayers and the lesson, the babe was asleep and Rasoa was dozing after her strenuous efforts. Poor little mite! She is not more than eight, and undersized at that, whilst the fat baby brother she staggers under the weight of, must be more than a year old; but she would be amazed at receiving pity. She is one of "Madagascar's little mothers." She loves babies, and by the time this one can toddle without help there will surely be another in some other branch of the family, if not in her own, that she will be able to carry on her small back and mother in her wonderfully patient little way.

Motherhood is strong in Malagasy girls—it is one of their fine instincts, struggling out through generations of ignorance, evil

Girls in School at Ambohimahasoa, Betsileo.

custom, and uncleanness. Amongst the pitiful sights of babies with swollen stomachs, having been fed on hard rice, new-born infants left to die on unlucky days, little toddlers with bodies covered in sores and so on, there shines out this filial love and parental affection. The family idea prevails.

Many women missionaries, and missionaries' wives, have spent their lives in lifting the status of womanhood in this great island, in giving its women occupation with their hands, in teaching them the importance of cleanliness of the body, the care of the home, the welfare of the children, and the nursing of the sick. (Lace-making and fine embroidery, which was first taught by the missionaries as an occupation, is now a trade for women throughout the island.) But one of the greatest factors in the great Christian impression on the little "Mothers of Madagascar" has been that the missionary's own home has been set down right in their very midst with an ever-open door for them to mark and inwardly digest what they have been taught in class instruction.

Malagasy visitors in the missionary's home will sometimes carry on a little undercurrent of remarks regarding the routine of the household which is unusual to them.

"The children go to bed now—the same hour every night! Oh, no! they are not allowed to stay up. They have a bedroom to themselves. They don't sleep with their parents. No! No! they are not even allowed to listen to all their parents' conversations." And so on.

Funny little episodes occur where the older women cannot understand European ways. One old woman in quite recent years used to go through the missionary's compound to take a daily peep at the white babe sleeping under his mosquito net, to see that it was alive and well, for she could not understand how it could thrive when it was only fed "by the clock" instead of when it cried for food or nursing.

But many of "Madagascar's little mothers," now in their teens, have lived for some years during that golden age for growth, development and learning in the missionary's compound, and have got accustomed to clean, ordered lives, to seeing for themselves a Christian home where love rules and where motherhood is seen at its highest and best.

There is often a world of difference between theory and practice, and on the Mission field the example of one live, healthy, rollicking white baby has much more force than a dozen meaningless, dressed-up dolls in a practice class.

Some four years ago a missionary's wife was asked to give an address at some special meetings in connection with the Sunday School. As the congregation consisted mainly of parents and children, the subject of the address was on the bringing up of children by Christian parents. At the back of the spacious pulpit, that is a common feature of churches in Madagascar, on the long form were seated the speaker's children. When the service was nearly over a deacon stood up, and in the inimitable Malagasy fashion began to recapitulate points in the address. After a while he reached his peroration. "My friends," he said, "in the French language there are two words: 'theory' and 'practice.' The one tells you how to do a thing, the other is doing it yourself. There is a great deal of difference between the two. Madame has given us the 'theory' this afternoon; but there seated on the seat at the back of the pulpit is the 'practice'."

Roman Catholicism has made a bid for Madagascar. It is strange that with all their efficient staff of priests and nuns, the Catholics do not make greater progress; but although they are masters in the art of instruction, they so often just miss that personal point of contact with the people that a Protestant missionary makes when he brings his home life into the centre of them.

One of the finest gifts that the L.M.S. has brought to Madagascar through the generations of missionaries there, has been the quiet, steady, sweet influence of the English mothers in Madagascar on the motherhood of the Malagasy women.

A Christian motherhood is the first essential for a Christian home; and the hope of Madagascar lies in Christian homes.

WOMEN IN THE L.M.S. FIELDS

Women Missionaries - - -	118	Biblewomen (Indian, Chinese, etc.)	220
Wives of Missionaries - - -	136	Christian Teachers - - -	727

The Outlook

Welsh Report

OUR Annual Report for Wales contains the subscription lists, prefaced by a brief account of the life of Roger Price, of South Africa. The Report is issued in both English and Welsh. Copies may be obtained from headquarters gratis, postage 1d.

A Paper with a Past

A Peiping paper, the *Peking Bao*, has stopped publication. It was founded in A.D. 400 by Su Kung, who was the Chinese Gutenberg. Originally the paper appeared on six pages of yellow silk, tied to one another. It became a daily in 1800. In spite of numerous interdictions and suspensions it existed for 1,534 years.

The Clark Band

The Rev. A. E. Small, of Shanghai, recently had a trip with the Clark Evangelists in their boat among the waterside villages in the district, and has found an "indescribable something" going on which can only be explained as the work of the spirit.

At Da Thong Dzaw, where Mr. Wu the wealthy Buddhist became an ardent Christian leader three years ago, the disciples have increased from 40 to 200, and these have acquired power to overcome bad habits and bad tempers, so that their neighbours know they have been changed.

Changes in Hankow

Rev. F. G. Onley, who is now Secretary to the Religious Tract Society in Hankow, has been invited to the post of Honorary Pastor of Union Church, Hankow. Among those who have held this office in the past were Arnold Foster and J. Wallace Wilson.

Commenting upon the changes which have occurred since his appointment to the L.M.S. Mission twenty-five years ago, Mr. Onley mentions that the homes of those who were the senior missionaries then, Griffith John and others, have all been demolished, as well as the Hwalou Church. New buildings have arisen, and a new life pervades the membership.

Ourselves

This is the first of a new series of *Chronicles*. May we take this opportunity of asking our readers to enlist other readers? There is always in the records of every paper a wastage in the number of subscribers. To hold its own it must always find new readers. By far the best way of doing this is through a personal word of commendation. *The Chronicle* and its partner, *News from Afar*, have a wide range of influence. We believe that very many value them as continuous records of our Society. In *The Chronicle* they are able to go out by imagination to the ends of the earth with Christ and His servants. If, therefore, our readers value this paper, will they tell others about it? In the greater number of churches there is a Magazine Secretary or Missionary Secretary, who will be glad to enrol the names of new subscribers. We should like to see an increase this year, and we believe that with the help of our readers it can and will be.

Senau, aged 134.

Keeping young at 134

Senau was born a month or two before Chief Sekgoma, the father of Chief Khama. He must have been born about 1800, thirteen years before David Livingstone saw the light. He became Christian fifty years ago, and is still on the roll of the London Mission Church at Kalamare in Khama's country. His health is remarkably good. He has an unusually youthful spirit and dearly loves a quiet joke. In his young days he fought against the Matabele, one of whom with a knobkerrie raised a lump on his head which has lasted more than a hundred years.

"Mama" Shaw Writes

More about the Mbereshi children.

THE twelve girls in the Normal School sat for the Government leaving examination this year for the first time. Only five of them passed. One of those who failed to pass was very indignant and hurt. She wrote me a letter the other day: "I often think why I failed, but I can't think of any reason at all, it's beyond knowing." The failure was quite understandable, it was set for boys, with a very obvious bias towards men's and boys' activities: measurements, buildings, agricultural. The English, too, had the same bias. Subjects to which we give a great deal of time were not included. I think our five did remarkably well. About 700 boys passed the examination, and eleven girls, five of whom were ours. The numbers are significant and indicative of the poverty of the girls' education in this country.

"Bunny"

I forget if you have been introduced to "Bunny" or not. He is the youngest at present, "the only little brother." He came eighteen months ago from Jadotville in Belgian Congo—some 400 miles distant. His mother died when he was born. His father, a Government clerk, also a Roman Catholic, brought him up on Glaxo—but the baby took up too much of the father's time, he was told he must hand him over to the R.C. Sisters. The father refused, saying: "They don't know anything about babies, I'll send him to Mbereshi"—and here he arrived one day, unheralded, with an outfit of cradle, suits, Glaxo and blankets. We couldn't return so small a person all those miles, he'd finished his Glaxo on the road; we had to keep him. Besides, he so obviously needed care, he was a very puny little creature. His father pays £4 a year for his upbringing. His full name is Bonaventura David Aleshye Washington—to us he is "Bunny." He is destined for the R.C. priesthood, so we are informed. When he is twelve he is to go to the Ecclesiastique Seminaire somewhere in the Congo. His future weighs upon him even now. "Bunny is a very solemn man" was a comment on him in someone's English composition, and it is very true. He has just been promoted to trousers, it has cheered him considerably. I rather think he was afraid he was to be brought up as a girl! The quaint little suit he wears now is made of school uniform material—bright yellow. It causes great satisfaction. "Bunny wears the yellows now" is the general appreciative comment. Motor cars send him into ecstasies; he'll sit looking at a picture of one for the whole morning, and then go to sleep on it. Everyone is called to see the "moto car." Should one come on the station, Bunny is off downstairs at a perilous speed—and off down the path as fast as his fat two-year-old legs can carry him—yelling "moto car," and squealing with laughter. We don't think much of his chances of being a priest—it's a chauffeur he's going to be—or else he'll rise

Photo by [*M. K. Sabin.*

Mother and child leaving the clinic at "The House of Life," Mbereshi.

so fast in the ranks of the Church that he'll own his own car. We dream of some day meeting a fine African dignitary of the R.C. Church and hailing him with : " Hello, Bun ! Where's your motor car ? "

Mary Livingstone is very much the big sister—in fact her charge weighs heavily on her. She washes him every day after his afternoon sleep, and so thoroughly that she's never ready for tea. It has to be done in the correct House of Life manner—eyes first, then face, and she tries to hold this enormous youth as one does a few-days-old infant—it's a lovely operation to watch. Bunny endures it because he so loves his Mary, he's charming to her ; whenever he sees her he runs with his two arms outspread, and clasps her round with the pretty welcoming " coo-coo." She came in tears to me once. " Mama Shaw, Bunny won't say his prayers. When I make him kneel down he goes under the bed and laughs at me." She was inconsolable. I had to go and remonstrate with the young pagan and paint his

Photo by] [*M. K. Sabin.*

Margery (a former scholar), wife of the Rev. Henry Kasokolo, and her baby Content

" If anyone needed a justification for missions, they would see it here in a parenthood and childhood ideally free and healthy. No charms, no witchcraft here, except the charm of real affection and the sorcery of hygiene."

future pretty clearly for him. It sobered him, and Mary went on with the good work.

Bunny was lost one morning, and discovered fast asleep under the bed, enmeshed in his mosquito net. Mary evidently did the same one night, for Miss Sabin heard a pathetic little voice calling out: "Mama Sabin, I sleeping under the bed." Miss Sabin lit a lamp and went out to find her wound up in her net, unable to extricate herself. Mary is a tall, slim child, always asking: "What do you want me to do?" She expects a question in reply: "What would you like to do?" Her answer is always forthcoming. She is full of questions, and always eager to help. She's a very useful small person, and quite reliable for all her seven years.

Content

Our prize baby at present is little Content, the eleven-month-old babe of Henry Kasokolo, our one African minister, and our Margery. She is a perfect babe—a little bundle of laughter and delight. She's walking already. Her parents have brought her up "English," which means that she is fed only at stated times. She sleeps alone on her small bed, and is not carried about tied on her mother's back. The child lies happily while her mother teaches. She is the very picture of "content." Henry has gone to Nkana to begin new work in the Copper Belt with Mr. Moore. Margery is to follow him later. She will go down with me in November. Meanwhile she and Content are here. The women can't keep their eyes from the baby—it's the first black one of this kind they've seen. They are completely silenced—all they can say is: "She's not of us, she's white." Content is the most speaking object lesson we have ever had. Margery is a charming little mother—she gets down on the floor and plays with her babe in a way entirely new to this part of Africa. The two of them together are a joy to behold. If we could show the critics of missions an ordinary village mother and her babe, and then turn and show them Margery and Content they'd be won.

Dutch guests

We had three missionary guests from Nyasaland this month—from the Dutch Reformed Mission. The head of the Mission, Dr. Murray, wrote last year asking if three of their senior women might come and see the school. They came—a journey of 1,030 miles—by motor lorry, travelling at one time twenty-three hours at a stretch. They were here three days only—and then back all that long, long way. One of them has been working among Nyasaland girls for twenty-five years. Their eagerness to learn, their courage at being not only willing but eager to scrap old methods and start again on new lines, was an amazing thing to me. They were the most enthusiastic guests we've ever had, and the youngest in spirit! They went about with note-books and pencils, and all day and night were asking questions! They used their three days to the full, and at the end they said to us: "The half was not told us." We *did* enjoy them; we forged links with them that will not be easily broken.

A death—but no wailing

This new school year has had its shadows, and that's why its joy is such a miracle. A little vivid eight-year-old died suddenly of meningitis—our first death for six years. The shock of it was its suddenness. Her people, who live at Kasembe's—only seven miles away—were not here in time. I was prepared for panic; it came at a time when the whole countryside was stirred by the visit of witch hunters—a peculiarly powerful lot of witch doctors with power to smell out witches and dealers with unlawful things. They were a cunning set—money-makers of a dangerous type—offering stronger "medicine" than any known before. They have caused grave trouble in the Church. It was in the midst of this that little Jane Masauka died. Not one question has been asked, not one criticism made; her death was received in a great silence by the children, like our Good Friday silence; there wasn't a shadow of fear. Her people came in the night and took the little quiet body to their own village—she was Kasembe's grandchild, and belongs to a vast clan. The burial was entirely Christian, and very, very quiet in spite of the crowd of non-Christian people there. "This child of ours is white in spirit, she belongs to the Christian's God. We must bury her in honour, and without noise," was the statement made at the grave.

(The writer, Miss Mabel Shaw, the head of the Livingstone Memorial Boarding School for Girls at Mbereshi, Northern Rhodesia, arrived in England on December 3rd.)

POTATOES ?

By MABEL L. GELLER, of Central China.

"SHE'S just a potato ! Born stupid ! Can't learn anything ! "

These and many similar phrases have often been hurled at me when trying to persuade some Chinese Christian husband to send his wife to school to learn the A B C of Christianity ; he, himself, being unwilling to teach her !

Sometimes I have been tempted to agree with these husbands, but not often, for at least seventy-five per cent of the women learn to read after being with us a few months, and all learn something of what it means to be a Christian.

We always have to remember the ground from which these " potatoes " are dug. The ground of materialism, heathenism, and superstition ; and, remembering this, we are more prayerful, patient, and persevering, because these women are not won in a day.

May I introduce you to some of these friends ? Here comes one. She should not have been a " potato " at all, for really she is a sparkling jewel. But the precious stone has been encrusted with the earth of opium for twenty-six years, and all we could see at first, and indeed for some months, was a dull, heavy, sleepy potato.

In her far-away home she had heard one of our evangelists tell the story of Bunyan's Christiana, and had determined to become one herself. This meant giving up opium, and also coming a hundred miles to school, both very difficult things. Her habit was cured, but the process left her weak and almost will-less, and all desire to be a Pilgrim was gone. God used a severe illness of the missionary to bring her to her senses. When she was asked, along with the other pupils, to petition God for my life, something waked within her, she said she was going to pray, and knew I would get better. I did. I had something to rejoice over, an answer at last to many prayers. That was her turning point, and from then she went straight ahead, and, after taking the three years' Bible course, she became our first own-trained Matron.

Her Christianity was radiant, and her tact, diplomacy and devotion just what was needed for the post. She was a dramatic speaker, and some of her Bible stories were a little difficult to recognise, but the facts stuck in the minds of her hearers. She stayed with us ten years, and then returned home, as she heard her adopted son, his

Mrs. Geller and twelve women trained in the Siaokan Bible School. Three are in charge of small churches.

wife and two little children were following the family tradition, and all taking opium. She wanted to help them. We warned her of the danger to herself, but she seemed unafraid.

She succumbed once again. We went to see her and found the home reeking of the drug, and we begged her to return with us and be cured once more. But she was really too ill to undertake the long and difficult journey, and sadly we had to leave her. However, the visit was worth while, for a few days later she called in a Chinese doctor and broke off the habit once more. Soon after this she went Home, and was able, unashamed, to enter the presence of her King.

Now for another " potato," a pupil of the above. She certainly did look a bit hopeless when we first saw her. She was a very large, round, brown potato, but we had not been talking together very long before I spied a little sprout ! She had come seeking a God of whom she had heard in her distant village. Her aunt had been in our hospital, and while there had had a little seed dropped in her heart, but she was unwilling to believe that what she heard of Christ was true. When she was better the missionary took her to see the women's school, and when she saw thirty women living together in harmony, she thought this God must have some power to produce such a situation ! This lady is now a believer and very friendly with us. She passed on the message to her niece, with miraculous results.

Mrs. Ten Thousand.

Mrs. Ten Thousand came seeking a God. Seeker and Sought met in the school, and from that day, over thirty years ago, they have been walking together in sweet companionship. She is no ordinary Christian, but in every walk of life she fulfils her Chinese and Christian citizenship.

As soon as her course was finished she begged me to put her in our big district as Biblewoman. She wanted to teach all the women in our little chapels who could not possibly come to school. This she did for three years, and then, as our " Sparkling Jewel " had left, we decided to put her in the vacant place. She was a very different type of woman, but of sterling value and character, and she holds the position still. But she is not only Matron of the Bible School, she is a valued deacon, and a wonderful " fisher of men." Some of her " catches " are almost as remarkable as herself ! She is always ready to visit the sick, follow up backsliders, work on Committees, lead meetings, and in the flood she was invaluable. But best of all is her undaunted belief in prayer, and the resources of her Father—even when God says " No " to her, she still trusts. She has led scores of her pupils to the Saviour, and many in their distant homes look upon her as their mother. Is she a potato ? Her husband thought so. I suppose, humanly speaking, she has been God's greatest blessing to the women and girls of the Siaokan district.

Just one more. A little thin kidney potato this time, a girl in our Girls' School. Not at all bright at first, and so naughty that Mrs. Fowler had to expel her for a month. That, probably, was her turning point. But it was not till she married one of our

finest Siaokan Christian boys that the beauty of her Christian character was seen. She made a splendid wife and mother, and is her husband's right hand in all Church work. He is now a pillar in the Griffith John Church in Hankow, in addition to being Chinese Manager of the Religious Tract Society. Since the children came she felt her duties were at home, and resigned her post as deacon, but she is a succourer of many, and her home is always open for Siaokan waifs and strays. Her heart is big enough to assist all who are suffering, be it from flood, famine, or Reds. She is an ornament in her home and in Christ's Church, and being still young, we hope she will have many more years of service.

I am asked, " Do Christian women take their place in the Church ? " Any office open to men is also open to women. In our own church the Treasurer is a woman, and has done many faithful years in this service. Several women are on the diaconate, and still more serve on Committees controlling the church, schools, hospital, etc. There is also a band of earnest women always available for special meetings, sick visiting, instructing women enquirers, attending weddings, funerals and feasts, and seeking to raise the tone of such gatherings, and, at the same time, preventing weak Christians from wine drinking. They are also at the call of our Chinese minister to fill a vacant pulpit in the country, and many of our so-called Biblewomen are really in charge of the little cause in the place where they are stationed, and have proved themselves faithful to their charge.

I can only speak of women who come to us entirely uneducated, unable to read or write, and with no knowledge of Christianity. It has been our joy and responsibility to introduce such to Jesus Christ, and watch them develop slowly but surely into ambassadors for the Kingdom of God.

A Morning in the Store

Extract from a personal letter from the Rev. A. L. Sadd, Gilbert Islands, in which he reproduces, for the benefit of his friends at home, the confusions of store-keeping.

" THIS morning, being Saturday, the store was open, and I helped, instead of Iupeli, our Samoan Pastor. The job that we do in the store is the particularly trying one of preventing boys from buying things that they have not got enough money for. What happens is this: we sit at a table, and before the boys can get anything they have to come to us with their account books and then we look at them and see how much money they have got left, try and remember if the boy's parents are the sort who will be likely to give him any more next time, see what he wants to buy and then decide how much of it he can afford, because what usually happens is that the parents pay all the money in to us on the journey, then it is entered up in the boy's account, and when he wants anything he comes to the store to buy it. . . . As practically none of them get more than £5 per year, and some of them not more than about £2 10s., you have to go jolly carefully with it. I never realised how difficult it was till to-day, and how hard-hearted you have to make yourself. To-day was particularly difficult because there is a double wedding coming off next week, and also the King's birthday, which is recognised as a day of great feasting and rejoicing, and a boy will come along who is a relative of one of the people getting married, and ask if he can have 2s. worth of flour and 1s. worth of rice, and you look up in his book and find that he has only about 25s. and there will be no more coming till the middle of October, and probably not much then, and so you have to tell him that he can only have 1s. worth of flour and 6d. worth of rice; and then another little lad comes along and wants 1s. worth of flour and 6d. worth of rice, and you look up and find that he only has 15s., and you tell him that he can only have 6d. worth of flour and no rice at all—and that I may say is much more common ; then another lad comes along and wants a new loincloth, and you look up and find that he has only 12s., and he has had a loincloth about a month before, so you have to tell him that he will have to do without for a bit more yet, and so it goes on all through the morning—some want soap, some want a vest, others want a bit of flour and rice for the wedding, and very few of them can be allowed more than half of what they want to get. We just have to tell some that their money is nearly gone, and what is left they must keep for school books and soap, which are most unromantic things on which to spend one's last few shillings if one is a boy of about sixteen."

In the Service of Womanhood

By EDWARD SHILLITO, M.A.

I

IT is often alleged that the missionary cause in our churches depends largely upon the support of women. If it were so that would be no conclusive proof that missions are of secondary importance. There is no reason to suppose that the judgment of women upon religion is less important than that of men. But in the service of the Christian mission from the beginning there has been no such division as some imagine between the interests of men and women. The Apostle Paul said in the same breath that in Christ "there is neither Jew nor Greek," and "there is neither male nor female." The same Lord, who broke down the barriers between Jew and Greek, ordained that in the Society which bore His name men and women in Christ should share with an equal standing in His service. Therefore, when we keep the excellent custom of giving the first number of the new *Chronicle* to women's work, we must not be taken to mean that there is any division into two provinces, but we do mean that the mission enterprise signifies much to the women of the world and makes an imperative call to the women of the Church.

II

Whenever we read of awakening in the Church of Christ, women and men are seen to be sharing in the glory and in the hard work of that new day. It was so in the Apostolic Church, in which Paul records with deep gratitude the names of women who helped him and worked hard. It was so in the days of St. Francis, and among the Friends of God in the Evangelical Revival. No less was it true of the Society of Friends and of the Salvation Army. It is gloriously true of the L.M.S. We do not read that the women came up to Baker's Chop-House in the year 1795, but it is clear from our records that from the beginning they were taking their part in the glorious toils of

Photo by] [*W. J. V. Saville.*

At Mailu, Papua. The preacher.

that day. We should never forget that the L.M.S. was born in a day of reawakening.

"Bliss was it in that morn to be alive." And in the glow of love to Christ, which they shared, there was the beginning of a new range of service opened to women no less than to men. In this service, as in so many, the L.M.S. has been a pioneer.

III

There have been in recent times many changes in the lot of women; in nothing has the Gospel, both by its direct and by its indirect influence, proved more revolutionary. Women, even those who have never heard the name of Christ, have reason to be grateful to Him. But there is still much to be done before the mind of Christ is obeyed in this matter. In every field in which the L.M.S. is at work there are new occasions for bringing the Christian Word concerning womanhood. In some lands the new liberty which has come to women is in itself a new charge upon the Christian Church; a call to that service which alone is perfect freedom. The loss of the old traditions may be a disaster if nothing is given to take their place; and the Christian Church has something to give that is positive and enduring. There never was a time in which the women of this country could hear more clearly the call of the women in other lands.

IV

But in this, as in all other Christian service, there can be no provinces left to either men or women. It is not granted to the women of other lands to shape their own new society. The men need no less to accept and to obey the Christian standards. Indeed, it is more and more clear that every Christian movement in which men and women do not share together, is bound to fail. Education for men must have, not as a sequel but as a parallel, the education of women. Evangelism cannot be effective until both men and women hear and believe the same Gospel. Nor can a new conscience be awakened in the treatment of women until men also repent and see the way to Christ as the only way of hope and life.

The congregation.

V

It comes to this : any account of the work done or that remains to be done for women in our fields is no less a concern for men than for women. What is needed is that " inner resolution " which will work many changes in human society, and among them changes in the lot of womanhood. In reality there is but one thing needful, and it is made plain for us in the Gospel. If the mind which was in Christ Jesus were in us, would there be anything else needed ?

A Great Day for Them

The Opening of a new Kindergarten Building in Madras.

NOW I am going to tell you all about the opening of the new building in our school. It was opened on the 20th of June, 1934, on the very day our school reopened after the summer holidays. The building of it was started before the school closed, and was finished just before the school reopened.

This building is meant for the infant classes, from First Class to Third Class. It was decorated by the girls of the school. The Indian way of decorating is to tie a string of leaves at the doorway. It was also decorated with pretty flowers which grew in the school compound.

The opening ceremony was started at eleven o'clock. It was rather hot, but we did not mind it so much. There were mats and carpets spread in front of the building, so that the girls of the school may sit down.

The first thing we did was to sing a Tamil song. Then there was Bible reading in both Telugu and Tamil. . . . Then a small drama was acted by the lower class girls, as if Love, Happiness, Truthfulness, Beauty, Friendship and Humility—all these desired to live with them ; that is to show that they should have all these things in them. . . . These words were written on cardboards. The words were written in Telugu as well as in Tamil, so that all the girls could understand them properly. . . . Two groups had pictures to represent them. These pictures were presented to the school by St. Christopher's Training College.

Then the opening of the building took place. A best girl from last year's Third Class untied the ribbon tied on the entrance, and then invited the new Third Class girls into the classroom. The same thing happened to the other two classes, Second and First. The old class girls blessed the rooms and the new class girls.

Then, the Fifth Class leading, the whole school went round the building in a procession singing hymns. When all of us were back in our places, we again sang another hymn, whereby we dedicated the new building to God. After a short prayer the function came to an end and we all dispersed.

(*From accounts by Rajathim Rose and Sumitra, Form VI ; Indira, Form V ; Adilakshmi and Jeya, Form IV.*)

Bentinck High School, Madras. Some of these girls wrote the English description printed above.

The Field is the World

By SIR EVELYN WRENCH, C.M.G., LL.D.

In the series of Broadcast talks on "The New Christendom," which will be heard on the fourth Sunday in each month until July next, this understanding utterance was the first. Reprinted from "The Listener," by permission.

I WISH I knew how many of those I am speaking to do not believe in missions—it is to them that I want especially to speak. You know the kind of things so often said to one. "Why should we send missionaries to the far parts of the world to upset the natives in their beliefs? They do an infinity of harm; once you tamper with the native's beliefs, you turn him into a scoundrel. I would never have a Christian native about my home," and so on. People who use arguments like this forget that it was, alas! very often the western traders and navigators who first disturbed the life of the native, and it was only thanks to the missionary that some of the moral havoc wrought by the coming of the white man was partially undone.

No place exempt

I am going to ask you not to think of missionary effort, however, exclusively as sending a few hundred devoted men and women into the far parts of the world, such as China and India, to preach the Gospel, but to implore every one of my hearers to take part in the new Crusade on behalf of the New Christendom, to join in a Crusade, the object of which has as its field nothing less than the whole world—for God so loved the world that he gave Christ to it. The missionary cause that I want to advocate is a fresh attempt, the greatest one you and I have ever made, definitely and once for all to take Christ for our leader and try and create His Kingdom here and now, at home in Great Britain, in Europe, America, Asia, Africa and Australia. There is no part of the world to which our Lord's teaching does not apply.

Christ or chaos

The one real lesson a fairly strenuous life, which has included many years' travel in far places, has taught me, is that all our political and other enthusiasms are worthless—and I know these are strong words—unless they are leading us to Christ. Believe me, there is nothing else that matters in the world to-day; it is a question of Christ or chaos. If only we could establish Christ's Kingdom and proclaim ourselves as His followers, then half the fears that assail the world would vanish. Our Lord's whole life stood for unity.

The Christian message was not addressed to any one people, there was no racial discrimination in it—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." And when you had gone to other nations, what had you to do? Not to tell your followers that yours was the finest nation in the world, but "to love your neighbour as yourself." I believe this is the only basis on which civilisation can be saved. If we permit the false prophets, who are preaching "Your own nation first," who extol the superiority of certain racial strains, who claim that their own people are supermen, who advocate class-hatred, who magnify the glories of war, who use the sword to remove their enemies and those that disagree with them—if, I say, we permit these false prophets to triumph, we shall only have ourselves to thank; we shall have deliberately turned our backs on Christ.

A decisive hour

There come great moments in history when vital decisions have to be made, when men's minds are in flux. Such a one is upon us now. Mankind has struck its tents and is on the march, and God alone knows where we are marching to. But we are free agents, and although we may not understand the mystery of freewill, we do know that we can either choose to be spectators of the great struggle between the forces of light and darkness, or we can take our place in the ranks. I think the next ten years are very largely going to decide the fate of humanity. Just as 1900 years ago Christ's life—that brief span of thirty-three years—was more important than all the dim æons of time that had gone before, so, I believe, the next half-century may well be another turning-point in the world's history.

An air view

Such has been the advance of scientific discovery, so rapid has been the forward

march of invention, that all of a sudden, since the Great War, East and West are face to face. There is a tremendous impact ; ancient civilisations are suddenly confronted with the modern western world. I spent last Easter in Jerusalem. As I flew back to Cairo after my visit and looked down from the clouds on the stony hills of Judea, and recognised one by one the landmarks of the Holy City, I had an overwhelming sensation of the coming clash of ideals which will shortly face us. Is the West—and owing to the widespread nature of the British Commonwealth it impinges on every civilisation—is the West going to show the East that Christianity is a reality to it, that it is not approaching the problems of Asia and Africa with thoughts of national or economic advantage ? That Christ's message, the Christ Spirit is as much needed in the East as it is in the West. That it behoves us to make the greatest missionary effort we have ever made, in no narrow spirit of western superiority, but as men and brothers ?

The way of life for mankind

World organisation no longer seems so simple as it did ; in the peaceful days of the Edwardian era we thought the world was steadily marching to better times, although in our own Empire there were occasional murmurings and rumblings of the coming racial discontent. The past fourteen years have in many ways been an age of disillusionment. The coloured man no longer sets the white man on a pinnacle ; increasing travel, the film, the War, the Press, have all contributed to his changed outlook. No political panacea will unite the continents in the last resort. Christianity, proclaimed by men who lead Christian lives, is the only cure for the breach between East and West. Christ's message is eternal. When it is given in its richness and in its simplicity, it reaches the hearts of men, whatever the colour of their skins. Christianity is not just one religion among many, it is *religion* in all its fulness—the way of life of mankind.

The exports of commerce

You cannot take up a newspaper in the western world without reading some speech about the economic problems of the day. We are informed by speaker after speaker in all industrial countries that the solution to our ills is to increase consumption ; once get the natives of Asia and Africa and the backward peoples generally to consume more, and the problems of western prosperity will be solved. Hence we all devote much of our time to trying to send more and more of our exports to other continents. We watch the expanding total of British motor-car exports with pride—not that I wish to minimise their importance. The best brains have been employed in devising fresh ways of capturing native markets. We export our films and our " talkies." We are shipping abroad an ever-increasing

Sir Evelyn Wrench.

number of aircraft. Our inventors are constantly devising methods whereby the speed of our aeroplanes may be increased. In a very few years we shall fly from London to Cairo in a day, to India in two or three days, to Cape Town in four or five days. Space really will have been annihilated, The Antipodes will be at our door—East and West will be side by side, for better or worse. The racial problems we have had to deal with in the past will be as nothing compared with those now facing us. But how much of our time and energy do we give to the problem of sharing Christ's message—that is to say, if we believe it is

the lodestar of humanity—with the peoples of other lands—which is the one really vital matter ?

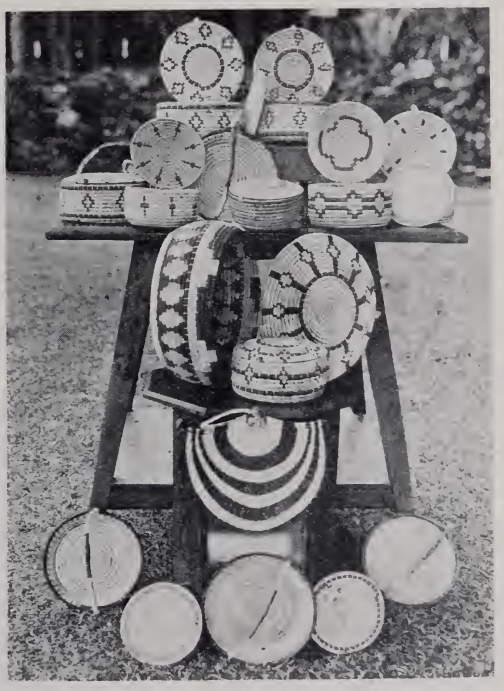
The only ultimate religion

Try and organise a world from which distance has been eliminated on a basis of ourselves alone, of self-interest, of " might is right," and you make Armageddon inevitable. Christ offers us the only possible solution to our problem. If we believe that an ultimate federation of mankind is feasible, Christians—that means you and me—must be up and doing, here and now. I can hear some critic say, " I am not interested in ultimate ideals for mankind, I am an Englishman, and shall follow the leader who pursues a policy of splendid isolation and keeps us out of Europe's and the world's troubles." Once a conflagration starts, no one can foretell in what direction the wind will blow it. Sooner or later another world war would engulf us too.

The vision before us is that of gradually building up an ordered society, in the British Empire, in Europe, in the world. Sooner or later man must learn to co-operate, or our civilisation will perish. Islam and Buddhism have each their contribution to give, but Christianity is the only ultimate and final religion suited to all peoples and all continents.

The Work of Their Hands

AT Mailu, in Papua, the girls and women have a new interest provided by the making of beautiful and durable baskets, which are quickly sold and provide for the support of the makers while they are in training. Mrs. W. J. V. Saville gave them the designs and instructions.



FACTS ABOUT MADAGASCAR

MADAGASCAR is as large as France, Holland and Belgium together.

Tananarive, the capital, has a population of 7,178 Europeans and 85,820 Malagasy.

There are over 21 different tribes in Madagascar.

Licensed motor cars in Tananarive exceed 2,250.

There are over 100 Malagasy who have been made French citizens.

The largest L.M.S. church in Tananarive has a membership of 723, with an average attendance of 1,200 to 1,500, with 63 Sunday School teachers.

At a recent examination of medical students a native girl headed the list of successes.

The Mission Printing Press turns out annually 22,500 hymn books in the vernacular, 6,200 Sunday School lessons, 9,583 Bible reading portion sheets, besides tracts and other religious and educational literature.

Your Church and the World

THE Auxiliaries of our L.M.S. are in some instances as old as the foundation of the Society itself. The spirit which founded the Missionary Society began in the hearts of devoted men and women in the churches and resulted in the gathering of the leaders who met in 1795 to form it. "Headquarters" never has existed of or for itself. It is the centralised organisation by which the means of communication are kept open between the devotion of the churches and the spiritual needs of the world. Through the Auxiliaries the supporting churches in a large measure are the Society. The effectiveness of the Auxiliary is therefore all-important. Its failure means to a corresponding degree the failure of the Society's work, and its success is equally effective. The influence of an Auxiliary is never merely local; its issues are as wide as the Society's fields of work. Through the Auxiliary as the Society's particular unit of service the churches are kept in living touch with the world. An Auxiliary which thinks of itself merely in terms of local missionary machinery is losing its real value and missing its ideal.

* * * *

Where an Auxiliary cares chiefly for such matters as planning for the annual deputation meetings and the annual gathering in of money, many things of vital importance are missed, and even deputation and finance work will not be well and truly done. The preparation and encouragement of the churches are an essential part of the task. Literature and all other forms of educational propaganda, as well as the deepening of missionary motive and spiritual service (expressed, for instance, in the Watchers' Prayer Union), are all within the range of Auxiliary responsibility. Here, too, is the natural place for the missionary fellowship of the churches to find expression. Let us begin to think more seriously of, and use more constantly, our Auxiliary organisation, and we are bound to discover avenues of service as yet untrodden. If, in the month of January, every one of our Auxiliaries would hold an unhurried meeting in which both to pray and to plan for immediate action, a good deal of our urgent financial anxiety might find relief.

* * * *

Adequate preparation by an Auxiliary makes a great deal of difference to the work of an L.M.S. deputation. Where, for instance, there is no Saturday-night welcome meeting for the visiting missionaries, and the deputation speaker has to go into pulpits with little sense of friendly anticipation and welcome, being treated as though he were an occasional "supply," then a church is neither fair to itself nor to the missionary. The missionary is not necessarily a *preacher*, he should be a *reporter*, and encouraged to give, as simply as possible, his report of work. The friendly greeting offered by interested people of the churches, given in advance of the missionary Sunday, may make all the difference. The work of the Auxiliary Committee can secure this friendly introduction. No visiting missionary should have to enter a pulpit as though he were a stranger in a strange land. Yet all of us who have shared in L.M.S. deputation work know that this sometimes happens. An effective Auxiliary will see that it cannot occur.

* * * *

Again, the fact that in numbers of our Sunday Schools we have not the large attendances of former years does not make it less needful to arrange for children's missionary gatherings. Children and young people should be in the forefront of our activity. To fail here is to forget tomorrow. Beyond the actual and contributing constituency there lie also other ranges of service to be considered. Some missionaries are specially fitted to address Rotary clubs, others might be used in available public and private schools in a district, and in such ways, as well as by extensions of social intercourse through missionary suppers and so on, a fuller and more effective use made of our missionary anniversaries to the widening of the spirit of religion in all.

The plans of our missionary year should culminate in the anniversary, and it should mark the fulfilment of long and careful preparation covering all aspects of Church life. All this is not mere theorising. It has been tried out successfully in many places by intelligent and interested officers and friends. Their experience is at the service of others, and what they, in their loyalty and zeal, have done, all others can do.

N. B.

Bound and Free

By MARGARET KNOTT, M.A., Hankow.

"*SOME fell upon stony places. . . .*" Widow Han lives in the clan village of that name on the banks of the Han River. When we first met, twenty-four years ago, she had a little girl of three, Gee-ay by name, with soft brown eyes and winning smile. She was a healthy, happy, high-spirited child. At the age of five she came to our London Mission Day School, which has opened many a door of opportunity to boys and girls of this clan village into the great world beyond.

Gee-ay was quick and bright, like a spot of sunshine in our damp, sunless building. But her childhood was short-lived. Her mother was a hard-hearted woman. Ambitious for her beautiful child, her one thought was for her worldly advancement. If Gee-ay was to make a good match, then she must have the regulation "lily feet." So she argued, and in spite of all we could do or say, the bandages were applied to her pliable baby feet. By the time Gee-ay was seven she was a pale, lifeless child, with dark lines under her eyes that told of pain that robbed her of sleep at night, and remained all day. No arguments we could use could move the heart of Widow Han.

One winter we had a specially severe spell. I was away from home for a few days, returning one evening to find Widow Han and Gee-ay on my doorstep, the latter unable to stand. The effect of the cold, combined with the lack of circulation caused by the tight bandages, had led to the formation of abscesses.

For some weeks Gee-ay had to be carried daily on the back of an uncle to our house, where she was deposited for the day, so that her feet could be constantly fomented. Her feet healed slowly, and gradually the pain lessened, but at fourteen she was hobbling about with stiff knees on feet like the hoofs of a horse. A few years later a bridal sedan chair came to the village, announced by crackers and cymbals, and Gee-ay was carried away to a town some distance from her home, to marry a man she had never seen.

Our meetings now were more rare, but after some time she returned to the village, a proud young mother, to show us her baby son. But she had not this treasure for long. In the hot weather an epidemic of dysentery claimed him as a victim. Not long after her husband, too, died, and Gee-ay was left a childless widow at the age of twenty-four. She returned home, to receive harsh words from her mother, whose ambition had been frustrated and who grudged her daughter's keep. And there she sits to-day, dragging the days out, grieving over the past.

* * *

"*And others fell upon good ground. . .*"

A few doors from Widow Han's home stands the house of old Mr. Han, the headman of the village. Soon after arrival in China I came to know one of his daughters-in-law, known as Mrs. Fourth, as she was the wife of the fourth son. According to Chinese custom, each son as he marries brings his wife to his father's home. At first we knew her as the family drudge, the hewer of wood and drawer of water for the household, but her position improved when she became the mother of a son. From the first, Mrs. Fourth was eager for her children's welfare, and held to us, and to what we stood for, as to a sheet anchor. When, two years later, a daughter was born, she listened to us when we begged her to leave the child's feet free, as God made

Mr. Lo, of the Lo Clan village. The village children have gathered to see the foreigner.

them. So little Blossom grew up as nimble of foot as a Western child. She spent six years in the village day school, where we all grew very fond of her. She was not beautiful or light-hearted like her cousin, Gee-ay ; often there was a pucker between her brows, for life was full of problems to this conscientious child. Once when I asked Blossom for her favourite New Testament verse, she quoted St. Matthew, chapter v, verse 11. It was no doubt hard to live true in the village to those standards she was learning in the Christian school.

Blossom at school—she is the third from left in front row.

When we had done what we could for her we passed her on to the London Mission Secondary School in Hankow, where she made good progress. There was an unobtrusive goodness about Blossom that won the respect of teachers and girls alike. When at Christmas a vote of the whole school was taken for the girl who was most suitable in character to take the part of Mary in the Nativity play, Blossom was the one chosen.

Three years ago a request was sent to London that Blossom might be granted a Wardlaw Thompson Bursary, to enable her to qualify for the teaching profession, and she is now in her third year at the Christian College in Wuchang. She writes letters full of quiet happiness and gratitude to those who have made this chance possible. She has been much helped by the Oxford Groups, and when she wrote last she was reading Kitchen's book : " I was a Pagan." She is studying education and biology, and is coming to know God in the wonders of His universe.

In the vacation she comes to her village home, rather dilapidated since the flood, and takes her full part in village life, conducting family prayers in their home for those neighbours who care to come in.

How much pure gold lies hidden in these clan villages we shall never know till there are more workers to dig it out and submit it to God's processes of refining. Here are the potential lives for the building of a new China. What a move forward there will be when women take their full place in all branches of the nation's life. Already we see that day dawning, the light approaching. Women who have been held back for generations are quietly stepping into the open, free from self-consciousness, seeking in the spirit of love, service and sacrifice to build a new and Christian China.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

THIS Birthday Party is given to you—
'Tis something novel, though not quite new ;
We give to each this little sack,
Please either send it or bring it back
With as many halfpence as years you are old
(We promise the number shall never be told),
But if you feel you would like to give more,
Don't stay that feeling we humbly implore !
Kind friends will furnish a musical treat,
And others provide you with good things to eat.
So now we extend to you greetings most hearty,
Feeling sure you will come to your own
Birthday Party.

These lines were part of the invitation sent out to people at London Road Church, Chelmsford.

Mr. L. L. Edwards, 43, Galleywood Road, Chelmsford, who made the arrangements, tells us that 250 responded to the invitation either by attending or sending their bawbees, and a total of £28 resulted for the L.M.S.

Where Woman Reigns

By ANNIE SHARMAN, Tananarive

IN April last a remarkable address was published in one of our best Malagasy monthly papers. The subject was: "The Malagasy Women—Past, Present, and Future." The address had been delivered at a large Christian Endeavour Rally for girls in one of our city churches, by a Malagasy woman of great distinction. The speaker, Madame Raharijaona, is a Bachelor of Philosophy and a member of the Franco-Malgache Academy, a great honour even for a European gentleman. Her husband is a doctor, a specialist in electrical treatment. When he was a boy he was trained in our L.M.S. Home for Boys at Ambohipotsy. It is a great joy to see this Malagasy lady one day sitting with the "savants" of Tananarive, taking her place on another day amongst the Girl Christian Endeavourers and devoting her exceptional talents in encouraging them to be true Christians. Madame Raharijaona's article contained the following passage:—

"And what is it which has absolutely changed our nation? *The Christian religion.* The religion brought by the missionaries was like a great light which lightened our land and banished the darkness. It rooted up the old superstitions, put an end to many bad customs and raised our country. The missionaries not only taught us their religion, but they *educated* us, and that was the second great blessing we received. Those English missionaries will ever be remembered, for they gave their strength, their youth, even their lives, that the Gospel might make headway in our land." Madame mentions the many advantages brought to Madagascar by the French, who have occupied the great African island for thirty-nine years.

She holds the purse

On some mission fields the education of women is not such a simple matter as in Madagascar, where in the more Christian areas women enjoy much freedom.

To-day the woman reigns in the home; she is equal with her husband, and often it is from the wife that the husband seeks advice and help. Forty years ago, when attending church even, the man walked first and the wife followed; to-day they walk side by side! The woman holds the purse.

Attached to almost every church is what is called a *Dorkasy*. The name is suggestive. The Dorkasy is something like the church sewing meeting. The Malagasy usually meet once a week to sew and work for their poor, and to prepare for an annual sale of work, which is quite an elaborate affair. At these weekly meetings a short service is frequently held, and this is much appreciated. These societies each have their own president, secretary and treasurer. The latter is rather a busy person, as besides the weekly payment which each member is supposed to pay, there are many items of expense to be entered week by week. Each Dorkasy is responsible for the expenditure of its own money, and it is amazing how many causes receive monetary assistance from them. Should the pastor's stipend be insufficient, the Dorkasy frequently comes to his help! The native missionary society is helped twice a year; we have twenty-two native missionaries in the heathen parts of the island, and the native church has supported this work for many years; we could not keep our work going with only one collection a year, so we have two!

The Dorkasy entertains

Twice a year large gatherings are held in the capital, and in this work the women bear a very honourable part. The hospitality on these occasions is an enormous undertaking, but this is most cheerfully performed. There are two large meetings for women (one for Christian workers only) and one for girls. Three of our large city churches are well filled and even packed on these occasions. Often the addresses are given by suitable Malagasy women, whilst the reading of Scripture, the prayers, and even the presidency may be safely left to them.

Teachers, midwives, hospital nurses, dressmakers and others secure honourable and lucrative positions, according to their ability.

Two-thirds of our Sunday congregations are women; many are Sunday School teachers, a few are deaconesses in the church, and it is quite an honour to be a pastor's wife!

The pastor's better half

At the Theological College, Tananarive, where many of the students are married

men, much careful attention is given to the education of the wives, and they have a weekly time-table to follow as carefully as the men follow theirs. So important and fruitful has the work become that the Board, a few years ago, appointed a thoroughly qualified lady to act as Warden at the College, the training of the women being one of the most important parts of her work. Besides an ordinary curriculum for the education of these women, the work in the home is considered very important indeed. The cottages specially provided for the married men become sweet, beautiful, orderly little homes. (Six of the cottages were shown in the November number of *The Chronicle*.) Sol-fa is an interesting item on the programme, and modern methods of Sunday School teaching also appear on the time-table. At the annual examination, when all students and wives who have finished their college career must teach a class before our specialist (who was trained at Westhill College, Birmingham), it is sometimes amusing when the wife gets a better report and higher marks than her husband. And so the college sends out, not just a trained pastor to a church, but a couple, husband and wife, and where the two work together there is great progress.

"Be Unceasing in Prayer"

LET US GIVE THANKS *for those who in difficult days kept alight the torch of truth.*

Those who to-day by their lives make the Christian Way shine amid the darkness of paganism.

LET US ACKNOWLEDGE *before God that we have often been content with half-lights.*

LET US REMIND OURSELVES *that the Congregational Churches are responsible for the evangelisation of* 35 *million people.*

LET US PRAY *for a spirit of urgency and keenness in this task.*

For a deeper realisation of God's claims upon us.

LET US PRAY *for a spirit that is never satisfied.*

LET US ASK *God's blessing on the New Forward Movement.*

Malagasy Recruits, Fianarantsoa

Fianarantsoa Seminary, Betsileo Province, Madagascar.

Outgoing students are standing in back row. Sitting are those who have a share in the teaching. Left to right: Ra Samoely Albert and his wife, head teacher; Rev. J. N. B. Whitfield, who tries to teach anything from agriculture to Christian theology; Moyra, who just looks on; Mrs. Whitfield, who teaches infant welfare and hygiene; Monsieur Groult, who teaches French; then Rahavao and his wife; last, Robinson, who teaches pedagogy in relation to Sunday School work.

"The Martyr Church and its Book"

A CENTURY ago there began in Madagascar that long persecution of the Christians which makes the history of the Church in that island a priceless possession for Protestants. On March 1st, 1835, the Hova Queen set in motion all the inflamed passions of nationalism to root out the new faith which seemed to threaten the continuance of her power. The Christians became fugitives for a generation, many died for their faith, but those who lived carried with them into hiding copies of the newly translated Bible. On this they grew astonishingly, and in due course, when the persecution abated, came back to their homes nearly ten times as numerous as when the Royal edict had banished them. The story is a familiar one, and yet it needs telling again at this time of centenary. Next month it will appear in a handy sixpenny book, which has been written jointly by the Literary Superintendents of the London Missionary Society and the British and Foreign Bible Society (Edward Shillito and J. H. Patten), under the title "The Martyr Church and its Book."

At the beginning of March the centenary deserves and will doubtless receive wide attention, which will be facilitated by the reading of the new book, which can be ordered from the Society's headquarters.

A CHANCE FOR GRATITUDE

LIKE other societies which have a large staff of workers, the L.M.S. makes provision for those who are superannuated and for the widows and orphans of its agents. For next year grants will be payable to 44 widows, 22 superannuated women missionaries, 40 superannuated men missionaries, 7 dependent children. There are 113 in all for whom provision will be made. The total amount required is £12,060.

It has been agreed that this is a part of our L.M.S. expenditure which can be considered by itself and makes an appeal of its own. These men and women have been our representatives overseas; they are in our home churches now with a life-work accomplished, and they represent to us the Church in these other countries. To make their years of retirement free from anxiety is a task which we shall be glad to share *personally*. That is why for very many years the offerings which are taken at the first Communion of the year are given to this fund. It is not simply an additional collection for the L.M.S. Let us put it to ourselves in another way: this is an opportunity for us to show our love and gratitude to these retired missionaries and to others who come within the range of this fund. We are not giving something more to the general funds of the L.M.S. We are taking this one welcome opportunity of sharing in the lives of these our fellow-members and our ministers in the one Church of Christ.

These our friends have brought us into a new and glorious fellowship. They have made us see the works of Christ in this our day. They have enriched us greatly. What we can do for them is no payment of a debt, but it will at least give us the chance of offering a token of our grateful love.

The amount needed is £12,060. It is in our power to take over from the Society this block of expenditure. That would be an excellent way of helping the Society, but it would be also real evidence of our fellowship with these men and women of whom each Church can claim—"they are fellow-members with us; they are on our rolls of membership." E. S.

I **promise* / *enclose* *the sum of £ : : towards the Fund for the support of Superannuated Missionaries, and the Widows and Orphans of Missionaries.*

Name.....

Address.....

Church..... .....

This form can be sent to the Missionary Treasurer in your Church, or posted direct to the Home Secretary (Rev. Nelson Bitton), London Missionary Society, 42, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1.

* *Please cross out the word not needed.*

START RIGHT IN 1935!

The most successful helps for Sunday and Day School teachers of the Gospel, both from the point of view of real spiritual worth and popularity in varying denominations are those edited by Mr. E. H. Hayes. At the commencement of another year we most cordially recommend the Concise Guides to our readers, knowing that in using the guides they will find much personal help and real success and inspiration in their teaching.

BEGINNERS' CONCISE GUIDE. For little children, 4 and 5 years of age.
Quarterly parts, **6d.** net, postage 1d.
Annual volumes (complete courses for 1935) **2s. 6d.**, postage 3d.

PRIMARY CONCISE GUIDE. For children 6 to 8½ years of age.

JUNIOR CONCISE GUIDE. For scholars, 8½ to 11½ years, and for all teachers using the INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

INTERMEDIATE CONCISE GUIDE. For scholars 11½ to 15 years.
Quarterly parts, **9d.** net, postage 1d.
Annual volumes (complete courses for 1935) **3s. 6d.** net, postage 3d.

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

As the result of a great number of requests which have come from a variety of sources, Mr. Hayes has decided to issue, commencing with the first quarter in 1935, a Senior Concise Guide. The price of the quarterly part will be 9d. This guide, for the present, will not be issued in an annual volume. Teachers will find this guide invaluable for adolescents.

SENIOR CONCISE GUIDE (For adolescents)

Quarterly parts, **9d.** net, postage 1d.

MEDICAL WEEK (February 10–17)

Our friends will want to know what material is available for this week. Below will be found books which are recommended, and also collecting material which is available.

THE DOCTOR ABROAD. By E. H. JEFFS. **1s.** net, postage 1½d.
The story of L.M.S. medical work throughout the world.

THE TOUCH OF HEALING. By M. M. WOOD. **1s.** net, postage 1d.
Stories of Medical Missionaries abroad.

THE MEDICINE MAN. By EDITH M. HUTCHINGS.
Sketches from many lands of the Medical Missionary at work. Fully illustrated and bound in cloth boards. **2s.** net, postage 3d.

HEROINES OF HEALING. By C. E. PADWICK. **1s.** net, postage 1d.

BIOGRAPHIES.

THE STORY OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE. By W. P. LIVINGSTONE. Paper, **1s.** net, postage 1½d. Cloth, **1s. 6d.** net, postage 2d.
The popular biography of the great pioneer missionary doctor to Africa.

WILFRED GRENFELL. By E. H. HAYES. Paper, **1s.** net, postage 1½d. Cloth, **1s. 6d.** net, postage 2d.
A popular biography of this magnificent man who has given his life to Labrador.

DOCTOR PENNELL. By E. H. HAYES. Paper, **1s.** net, postage 1½d. Cloth, **1s. 6d.** net, postage 2d.
A life for Christ among the savage tribes of the Afghan Frontier.

LESSONS.

FOUR LESSONS ON DAVID LIVINGSTONE. By VERA WALKER.
" " " **DR. W. GRENFELL.** By DOROTHY WILSON.
" " " **DR. PENNELL.** By M. O. PELTON.
" " " **DR. A. PEILL.** By MURIEL PRESTON.
Each **2d.** net, postage ½d., or 2/2 per dozen post paid.

FOR CHILDREN.

FAR-AWAY TALES OF HEALING. By MARY ENTWISTLE. **4d.** net, postage ½d.

PICTURES.

THE HEALER. By HAROLD COPPING.
Wall Picture, full colours. size 20"x 30". **1s.** net, postage 4d.
Postcard full colours. **1d.** net, postage ½d.

LEAFLETS AND COLLECTING MATERIAL

HEALING NEWS. A leaflet for free distribution among adults.

SMILES FOR TEARS. An illustrated children's story for free distribution among children.

ORDER OF SERVICE. A leaflet giving a complete outline of service for leaders.

POSTER. A fully illustrated poster. Size 20" x 30".

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